

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

What treasures dear of the days gone
Are these which I cherish now?
What loves they tell of the withered past,
Of many a careless vow!

A curling lock from a girly head
That prisoned a gleam of gold;
It had a place in my heart until
The love in my heart grew cold.

A slipper-mold of her pretty foot,
A dainty affair of pink;
It tripped so light in the olden days
That he behind, link by link.

The scarlet strand of a ribbon worn
And faded by passing time;
It glowed so warm at her snow white throat
When life was a joyous rhyme.

A kerchief daintily edged in lace,
A bit of a spooling thing;
What while some of a dying love
Its delicate colors bring!

What treasures dear of the days gone
Are these which I cherish now?
What loves they tell of the withered past,
Of many a careless vow!

—Ohio State Journal.

The Case of Jared Burton.

BY M. QUAD.

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On the 14th day of September, 1867, Jared Burton, a single man of 30, living in a village in Iowa, started by railroad for a town 30 miles distant, and he has not returned to his home and relatives since. He was a man in more than comfortable circumstances, and his mother and sister lived with him. Boy and man, he had lived in the village for 20 years when he set out that day on a business matter. When several days had passed without his return or word from him, inquiries were made. He had arrived at the town all right, transacted his business and then taken a train on another road. It was thought he had gone away in the company of a stranger, but no one could be sure of this. After ten days and still no word he was advertised for, and detectives were employed to hunt him up. The search was not given up for three months, and then it was believed that he was dead.

A year had gone by and the mystery was still unsolved when one day Jared Burton returned—that is, he said he was Jared Burton, and the question of whether he was or not brings out this story. On leaving the train he met Squire Danforth and shook hands



"THIS IS NOT JARED BURTON."

with him and asked after the mother and sister. Farther up the street he met a village merchant and shook hands and laughingly said that he had been east in search of a wife. He walked to his house, entered and called to the family and kissed mother and sister and apologized for having worried them as he had. He had the age, height, look and voice of Jared, and at first the women accepted him as such. The story he told was a queer one. He had gone to look at a lead mine with a view of buying, and during the short time he was left alone he had tumbled down an old shaft. He knew no more after that until he suddenly came to himself one day in a town in Kansas and found himself a tramp. The fall had produced concussion of the brain, and, though treated by doctors, he had lost his memory and his identity and only recovered his wife when a constable banged his head against a door in arresting him. He had told his story, found friends and been assisted to reach his home.

The story passed all right with the women for a day or two, but as it got around the village and was discussed pro and con they began to doubt. Of the five doctors in town four declared the thing impossible. Of the 1,500 inhabitants not more than ten were satisfied of the truth of the story. The matter spread until two or three newspapers were interested and a dozen newspapers were discussing it, and first and last a good many people had their say about it. The first idea, of course, was to test this Jared Burton's memory about the events of his life. It was a great point in his favor that he had recognized two or three citizens at the moment of his arrival and that later on he had met dozens of others and made no mistake except in one instance. He had seemed thoroughly familiar with the town and with certain business matters, and while he did not write as free a hand as formerly it passed for Jared's cursive. He had with him the key of his desk; he asked after certain clothing he had left behind casually recalled various incidents, and he had settled down as the long lost returned when he learned that his identity was questioned. He promptly demanded the fullest and closest investigation, and the doubters were ready to make it.

In his boyhood days Jared Burton had received a burn on the foot, leaving a bad scar. This man exhibited the scar. Jared Burton had been bitten on the calf of the leg by a dog. Here was the scar of the bite. He had once

been near death by drowning. This man told of the incident. He had been in Chicago with his uncle for a week; he had fallen off the roof of a barn; he had been on a jury in a lawsuit; he had been robbed by a man on the highway. All these things were told over without a mistake, together with hundreds of other incidents. It was a public investigation, with everybody free to ask questions, and it lasted four days. There were still some who carped after it was closed, but there was a complete change of popular opinion, and Jared Burton was complimented on all sides. The mother and sister fully accepted him, and he settled down into his place unquestioned. Three months had gone by, and the talk and wonder had all died out when a blind man came along one day. He was known in various villages as "Old Hanson." He sang songs, told fortunes and performed tricks and was well liked. Standing on the public square with a crowd around him, he sang songs and then asked if Jared Burton was among the spectators. Jared stepped forward, and the old man took him by the hand. It was his boast that, having once heard a man's voice and shaken hands with him, he could forever after identify him by the feel of his palm.

"This is not Jared Burton!" he exclaimed as he let the hand fall. "But it is," chorused a dozen voices. "But I say it is not. It is not his hand. I never met this hand before." "You will believe it is Jared Burton, when I tell you so, won't you?" asked Jared.

"No. You cannot deceive me on the palm. You are a stranger to me." There had been an investigation and an acquittal, but yet the blind man's words set people to thinking, especially as Jared himself seemed to be greatly put out. The whole question would have been reopened again but that he started off for Chicago next day on what he claimed was a matter of business. He had a close shave of it. He hadn't been gone two hours when a sheriff from a distant county came to arrest him as one of a gang of land stealers and counterfeiters. He was followed, but not overhauled. His real name was Charles Wright. As to what became of the true Jared Burton no one can say, but he doubtless met his death in some way through falling into the hands of the gang. He had papers with him, but how they got him to talk and give the incidents of his life cannot be understood. It was a curious thing that another man should so closely resemble him and should bear the same scars, but it was a fact not to be got over. The blind man and the sheriff declared the man to be a checky impostor, and the latter furnished plenty of proofs, but the question has not been settled yet and perhaps never will be. I passed a day in the village not long ago, and I found the people about evenly divided as to whether the true Jared had not actually returned and been driven off again.

Gutenberg's Achievement.

In The Century Augustine Birrell thus characterizes Gutenberg's epoch making invention: The invention of movable types was the greatest distributive invention that ever was or probably ever can be made. It circulated knowledge among the children of men and plays much the same part in human life as does the transmission of force in the world of physics. It was marvelous how quickly thought was circulated even in the age of manuscripts. A book like St. Augustine's "City of God" was soon copied thousands of times and traveled all through Europe after a quicker fashion than most printed books can today reasonably hope to do, but St. Augustine occupied a unique position, and hand copying, though a great trade, employing thousands of scribes, could never have fed the new learning or kept alive the reformation. The age of Gutenberg was an age of ideas and demanded books, just as our day is a day of mechanics and demands cheap motion, telegraphy and telephones. Gutenberg's first printing office is marked by a tablet. Go and gaze upon it and think of the New York Herald, the London Times and the Bible for two-pence.

The Horse He Bought.

Higgins is troubled with an over-weening curiosity about other people's affairs. Occasionally he gets taken down, however. He met Smithers in a car; he does not know Smithers very well, but he "me boys" him as if he were a lifelong friend.

"Busy, eh?" he inquired at once. "Yes," said Smithers deliberately; "been looking after a horse for my wife."

"Have, eh? Well, let me look over him for you."

"Oh, I've bought him."

"Not without trying him? Was he sound?"

"He appeared to be."

"Doesn't shy?"

"No, certainly not."

"Good month?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good manners?"

But here Smithers arrived at his street. When the reached the door, he called back to Higgins:

"I neglected to mention the kind of horse my wife wanted. It was a clotheshorse."

Dreadful Dream.

Bobbs—Old Titewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.

Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?

Bobbs—No, but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away money.—Baltimore American.

Not Quite a Sponge.

Percy—Shirts is a sponge—a perfect sponge.

"Oh, no! When a sponge absorbs anything, by squeezing it you can get it again."—Detroit Free Press.

Benedict Bros.

NEW LOCATION.

Washington Life Insurance Building,
BROADWAY, COR. LIBERTY ST.
NEW YORK.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country.

The present Benedict Bros. removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1863. They have long desired to have larger and fire-proof quarters, and now have, they believe, the most attractive Jeweler store in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Their specialties are fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems.

BENEDICT BROTHERS

JEWELERS,
141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,
NEW YORK.

EVERY DOLLAR

That you deposit in the Savings Department of the Fidelity Trust Company promptly goes to work for you at the rate of three per cent. per annum.

Your interests and the interests of every other depositor are backed by a capital, surplus and undivided profits of over \$9,000,000.

Two dollars is enough to begin an account, and five dollars and upwards draws interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum. You will be surprised and delighted at the easy way your savings will grow.

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NEWARK, N. J.

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LIBRARY,
Cor. Fremont Street & Austin Place
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Open daily, except Sundays and holidays. During July and August the hours are 10 to 12 A. M., and from 7 to 9:30 P. M.

Subscription to Circulating Department, \$1.00 a year.

Reading Room Free to All.

E. F. O'Neil,

PRACTICAL HORSESHOEING,

426 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

All interfering, over shoeing, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horses called for and brought home with care.

SPECIAL OFFER

WE ARE SELLING THE BEST NEW TEAS AT 50c. In the 50c. Teas. Oolong, English Breakfast, Gunpowder, Sencha, Congee, Mixed, Japan, Young Hyson, Imperial, Ceylon, Good Oolong, Mixed and Gunpowder. 25c. Coffee. Good Roasted Coffee, 12, 16, 18 and 20c. a lb. For full particulars a prompt attention, address Mr. Dunn, care of The Great American Tea Co., 81 & 83 Vesey St., P. O. Box 289, New York.

The Englishwoman's Latchkey.

Talking about the British aristocracy, a woman who has met it on its native heath tells me that the feminine section of it never stirs out without a latchkey. We carry latchkeys over here, but we don't do it in the British way. The American woman ties her key in the corner of her handkerchief or hides it under the mat or puts it in to her purse along with cold cream, soap and car tickets and samples. The Englishwoman parades hers. The woman who knows her tells me that she has seen latchkeys set with precious stones and fastened to long chains. She has seen them gilded and strung from belts; she has seen them with pins on the back of them, worn as brooches. She tells me that the Englishwoman would not so much leave her latchkey at home than her husband would his bath. The thing is possibly new to the Englishwoman and, being new, is paraded. With us over here it is an old story. Possessing the reality, the symbol is of small moment to us. We are content to leave the latchkey under the mat—Washington Post.

A Philosopher as a Fisherman.

Herbert Spencer once won a curious wager. He was staying for a fishing holiday in the house of Sir Francis Powell, the president of the Scottish academy, and while angling for trout he happened to drop his eyeglasses into a deep pool of the river. In the evening he related his misadventure to his host and the guests, and said that he was prepared to bet that he would recover the pince-nez from the bottom of the pool. His friends declared that this was an impossible feat, but Herbert Spencer still offered to make the bet. His challenge was accepted by one of the visitors. Upon the following evening Spencer returned to the house with the missing eyeglasses. He had fastened a strong magnet on the end of his fishing line and fished for the glasses until it came into contact with their steel rims.

Floating Targets of the Sea.

Even the French and British warships that patrol the Newfoundland coast during the fishery season do not escape the danger of icebergs, crowded with men and carefully navigated though the vessels are. The ice masses serve a novel purpose for the fleets all the summer through, being used as targets for big gun practice. When a specially formidable one drifts along past St. John's a cruiser slips her moorings and runs to sea after it, pelting it with projectiles until she fires away her allowance. It is one of the sights of St. John's, the endless procession of icebergs of every size and shape that drift by day after day, charming the eye and cooling the summer atmosphere. Sometimes they ground in the harbor mouth and prevent ships entering or leaving.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's.

Palestine.

When one thinks of the great events that have taken place in the Holy Land, the multitude of cities, villages and towns, the countless millions who have been born there and whose bones now lie in its rock ribbed hills, the small dimensions of Palestine are almost startling. West of the Jordan, where most of the historic events took place, there are only 3,800 square miles, including all the geographical divisions now called Palestine. Including the land both east and west of the Jordan, the total area is 9,940 square miles. The length of Palestine from north to south is about 150 miles. It varies in breadth from twenty-three to eighty miles.

Wanted None of His Art.

At a dinner in London, Theodore Watts-Dunton said: "It isn't generally known that Turner, the painter, and Dr. Augustus Pritchard once lived together for a year in Cheyne row. The painter and the physician had a fine garden, and they took a good deal of pride in their flowers. But the garden gate did not work well, and one day Turner, because it wouldn't open, pettishly gave orders that it be nailed up. It was thought that this odd act would enrage Augustus Pritchard, but, on being told of it, all he said was, 'Oh, well, I don't care what Turner does to the gate, so long as he doesn't paint it.'"

Colds.

Every one knows when he contracts a cold on the chest. Not so with cold in the kidneys and bowels. The kidneys, however, are the weak point in many men and women nowadays, and they may be well protected by wearing a roll of white flannel, which should be about a foot wide and go twice around the waist for winter and once for summer. Try it, reader, if you have any tendency to bladder or kidney trouble.—Exchange.

A Mean Bank.

"Madam, you've already overdrawn your account."

"What's that?"

"You haven't any more money in the bank."

"The ideal! A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn! Well, I'll go somewhere else."

A Philosopher.

Rivers—What do you do when you wake up in the night with jumping toothache? Brooks—I try to be thankful it isn't galling consumption.

Trying to Forget It.

Miffins—Hello, old man! What do you think of that cigar I gave you last night? Riffkins—Don't ask me to think. I'm trying to forget it.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them, nothing will.

STOVES, RANGES, FURNACES.

[New Stock, Latest Designs, and Improved Patterns]

THOMAS F. COGAN,

FIRST-CLASS PLUMBER AND STEAM FITTER,

577 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

ESSEX HOTEL BLOCK.

REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY. ELECTRIC BELL WORK.

GEORGE HUMMEL,

Successor to Martin Hummel & Son,

Dealer in the Very Best Grades of

LEHIGH COAL!

Well Seasoned WOOD, Sawed or Splt.

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Quarrymen and Road Builders.

Broken and Building Stone,

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BEST QUALITY LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA AND CANNEL COAL. KINDLING WOOD

M. & B. and Long Distance Telephones.

Quarries: Coal Yard and Main Offices,

Upper Montclair, N. J.

ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE APPROPRIATING AND PROVIDING FOR RAISING IN TAXATION MONIES FOR PUBLIC PURPOSES FOR THE YEAR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOUR.

The Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, do ordain as follows: That there shall be assessed, raised by taxation and levied for the year Nineteen Hundred and Four, upon the personal property and from all persons residing in and upon all lands and real estate located within the Town of Bloomfield in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, the following sums of money for the purposes hereinafter expressed, to wit:

- For lighting the streets of the town, \$10,500 00
- For the support of the Police Department, 5,500 00
- For the maintenance of the Fire Department, 3,500 00
- For regulating cleaning and keeping in repair streets and highways, 4,000 00
- For relief of the poor, 3,000 00
- For water for the extinguishment of fires, 7,500 00
- For the payment of interest upon the debt of the town, and such part of the principal as shall from time to time become due and payable, 24,000 00
- For the general and incidental expenses of the town, including the printing and publication of minutes of the Council, ordinances and such other matters required by law to be published, 10,000 00
- For the support of public schools, 37,500 00

Total, \$107,500 00

Ordinance adopted June 20, 1904.

GEORGE FISHER, Chairman Town Council.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.—Between John Tins, complainant, and Roscoe Yost et al. defendants, on bill, etc. Notice to absent defendants.—To John Antoner and Bert Chapman.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date thereof, in a cause wherein John Tins is complainant, and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear, plead, answer or demur to the bill of said complainant, on or before the fourteenth day of July next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you. The said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage given by Louisa Yost and Roscoe Yost, to the said John Tins, dated January 11, A. D. 1896, on lands in the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, and you, John Antoner, are made a defendant because you are the husband of Louisa Yost, deceased, and you, Bert Chapman, are made a defendant because you are the husband of Emily Chapman, one of the heirs at law of said Louisa Yost, deceased.

Dated May 16, 1904.

ROBERT S. PRICE, Solicitor.
Post Office Address: Hackensack, N. J.

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Post Office Address: Hackensack, N. J.

\$25,000.

Fire Department Bonds of the Town of Bloomfield, N. J.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield for all or any part of an issue of \$25,000 four per cent. Coupon bonds, privilege of registration in Fire Department bonds of said town. Bonds to be of the denomination of \$1,000 each, to be dated July 1, 1904, and to mature July 1, 1909, interest payable semi-annually, on January 1 and July 1. Both interest and principal payable at the office of the Collector of the Town of Bloomfield, in New Jersey. The bonds will be engraved under the supervision of said Council, and shall be countersigned by the United States Mortgage & Trust Company, and the legality approved by J. H. Caldwell, Esq., of New York City, whose opinion as to legality or duplicate thereof will be delivered to the purchaser. A certified check for three per cent. of the amount of bonds bid for, payable to Harry L. Osborne, Treasurer of the Town of Bloomfield, N. J., must accompany each bid. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Proposals should be endorsed "Proposals for Fire Department Bonds" and addressed to Wm. Johnson, Town Clerk, Bloomfield, N. J., and will be received at the Town Clerk's office in Bloomfield, or at the United States Mortgage & Trust Company, 18 Cedar Street, New York City, until 10:30 o'clock A. M. Tuesday, July 5, 1904, and will be opened at 1 o'clock P. M. July 5, 1904.

Delivery of the bonds will be made on July 7, 1904, at 11 A. M., at the office of the United States Mortgage & Trust Company, New York City.

GEORGE FISHER, Chairman Town Council.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

Bloomfield, N. J., June 11, 1904.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Assessed valuation (1903), \$5,071,875

Bonded indebtedness, including this issue, 408,000

Other indebtedness, 18,000

Population, census 1900, 9,568

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